



# To Locate A Lost One:



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## Chapter 1 by Cameryn

Waves crashed onto the moss-covered rocks which were scattered along the coastline, like sprinkles on a cake. Soft, silky sand was washed away into the sea and the rest was covered with green seaweed, which had twisted and turned through the endless ocean before landing onto this foreign beach. Behind the sand was a boardwalk full of small shops filled with magnets, ice cream and seafood which gathered an abundance of tourists during the day, but very few during the night. A cool summer breeze shifted through the fresh air and tugged at my arm with the strength of a single ant if it were trying to move a huge metal weight on its own. The wooden pier however was the reverse of the boardwalk as it gathered more tourists during the night, an old myth around this beach was based around the fact that if a loved one was with you on the pier, your destinies would be woven together for your next life, granting you both to be soul mates, as well as lovers. Truthfully, I wasn't one for believing that stuff.

Evening rolled on and the sun was surrendering to the darkness once again. Sitting on the edge of the pier was one of the most daring things that I ever did, (I didn't enjoy taking risks to much so this, for me, was extreme). Above my head, a seagull squawked for attention before flapping its wings and heading back out to sea. Breathing in, the smell was contagious. Seaweed and sweet candy floss, onions frying and an endless supply of fresh air. Warmth hit my face as the Sun gave out its last few moments of pure happiness before disappearing completely under blue and green. Finally, the streetlamps came on without warning, the one next to me was a white ball which suddenly illuminated the area around me, giving it quite a romantic feel to it. I stayed on the edge as a small man came up behind me, carrying a rather heavy-looking case.

"Have a good night Amelia. You've got to go back to the city soon, don't cha'?" He asked me as I

looked back out to sea. A boat rushed past, eager to get home with all of its cargo intact. "I don't really want to go back, I've got to go home but the amount of noise can build-up after a while, is it?" I asked him, looking up to him as I talked. A strange little box had been in his hand and then I

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realised what it was. An accordion, the instrument which was always played in both the city and countryside.

"I don't mind Amelia. Just don't stay out too long. Vicki'll have my guts on fish hooks if you stay out too late. I know its a teenage thing but she still worries."

"She worries way too much. If she thinks I get into lots of trouble here, she should see what some of the city kids get up to. Compared to those guys, I'm the equivalent to a nun when placed next to those guys." I reassured him. Richard Jansen had always looked out for me, even when I was a kid. He used to run the sweet shop on the boardwalk before it got shut down and turned into another knick-knack store. Remembering back was glorious, each wooden shelf was stacked to the ceiling, each shelf had about twenty jars and there were about three shelves in the room. Jars of liquorice and jars of rock were the most common but you did find the odd sherbet which was so sour that it used to make my eyes water. When Mr Jansen retired, his shop closed down and the council bought it and turned it into an 'official gift shop' charging sky-high prices for the smallest of items.

After staring into the black night and into the blue sea, the time was getting on and the tourists came in crowds with the youngest, loved-up couples in the front and the elderly in the back wanting to go back to better days. I wandered past the crowd with no hassle, I waved Mr Jansen off from the boardwalk where he was nothing but a mere silhouette, the width of my pinky. The boardwalk was calm, the waves and the accordion gave it its atmosphere of peacefulness. At the end of the boardwalk was a winding path, the grass had tried to retake it but had failed, leaving a huge brown mark from when it had all worn away. That led to the cliff where the most insane of people jumped when the ocean was at its highest point for an adrenaline rush. I had never wanted to go up there, nor did I want to. Another path lay to my left, this one was decorated with fancy streetlights and had tiles paving the way through the streets of Sage Shore. The trees swayed in the night breeze which cooled the entire town. Low hedges outlined the path on my right, preventing access to the forest and the darkness beyond. To my left as I walked was a countless number of white-walled houses, with blue open windows and plants outside the doors. Just a turn to my left placed me into a courtyard of some sort which was shared with each resident of the small area where children played football and made daisy

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on a stone bench which asked her for her hand in marriage, so it's been called the 'Marriage Tree' for ages,

A door opened as I tapped lightly on its baby-blue surface, creaking with age. Standing in front of me was a woman with a mudpack on her face and cucumber slices covering her eyes. Her hair was wrapped in a grey towel and she wore a light grey dressing gown to match her towel.

Raising her hand, she took her left cucumber off her eye to examine me.

"I wish you wouldn't stay out that late. What have you been doing all this time?" She asked, not even moving her lips.

"I've been down the pier, thinking about stuff. Like I did for the rest of the summer."

"Did you bump into Richard today?" She stepped back to let me in and I shut the door behind me, following her through a small hallway which was dotted with photos of me and the rest of our quite extensive family and friends.

"Yeah, he's just gone down to play his accordion for tonight. I miss his sweet shop, those were the days. What was I, like 7?"

"Around that age, I think. Yeah and you're 15 now. You grew up so fast. You remind me of your Mum."

"Stop with the soppy stuff. Its embarrassing." I had stepped into the kitchen when a pungent smell hit my nose like a baseball bat. Burning, food burning.

"Crap, I forgot to take the cookies out of the oven. I made them for us to eat tonight because, well its your last weekend here for the summer so I wanted to make it better with cookies. Too bad." She groaned, it was her first attempt at cookies too.

"Its okay, I wanna head straight for bed anyway. I'm knackered." I replied. I felt bad about the cookies but I couldn't help but try and keep a straight face.

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